For I muſt backe vnto the Court againe,
With all the ſpeede I can: Harpoole, my horſe.
L.Cob. So ſoone my Lord? what will you ride all night?
Cob. All night or day, it muſt be ſo ſweet wife;
Vrge me not why, or what my buſineſſe is,
But get you in: Lord Poweſſe, beare with mee.
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worſe,
My houſe is at your vſe. Harpoole, away.
Har. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to the Court?
Cob. Yea ſir, your Gelding, mount you preſently. *Exit*
La.Cob. I prethee Harpoole looke vnto thy Lord,
I do not like this ſodaine poaſting backe.
Po. Some earneſt buſineſſe is a foote belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.
La.Po. Amen, that hath ſo highly vs beſted.
La.Cab. Come Madam & my Lord, weel hope the beſt,
You ſhall not into Wales till he returne.
Pow. Though great occaſion bee' we ſhould depart, yet Madam will we ſtay to be reſolu'd of this vnlookt for doubt full accident. *Exeunt*

Enter Murley and his men. prepared in ſome filthy order for war.

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, & handſomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your Maſter, your Captaine, your Knight that ſhalbe, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, & Malt-men, dun is the mouſe: Dicke and Tom for the credit of Dunſtable, ding down the enemy to morrow. Ye ſhall not come into the field like beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence my two Loaders, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? I woulde giue a couple of ſhillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty pence for as many ſcarffes to ſet ye out withall. Froſt and ſnow, a man has no heart to fight till hee bee braue.

Dicke. Maſter we are no babes, our towne foot-bals can beare witneſſe: this little parrell we haue ſhall off, & wee'l fight

fight naked before we run away.
Tom. Nay, I'me of Laurance mind for that, for he m
to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two
ders are making their wils becauſe they haue wiues,
we batchellers bid our frends ſcramble for our goods
dye: but maſter, pray ye let me ride vpon Cut.
Mur. Meale and ſalt, wheat and Malt, fire and tow,
and ſnow, why Tom thou ſhalt. Let me ſee, heere are
William and George are with my Cart, & Robin & H
holding my owne two horſes, proper men, handſome
tall men, true men.
Dicke. But maſter, maſter, me thinkes you are a mad
to hazard your owne perſon, and a cart load of mone
Tom. Yea, and maſter there's a worſe matter in't; i
as I heard ſay, we go to fight againſt all the lerned bi
that ſhould giue vs their bleſſing, and if they curſe vs
ſhall ſpeed nere the better.
Dic. Nay burlady, ſome ſay the King takes their pa
maſter dare you fight againſt the King.
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro vpon
ſion, if the King bee ſo vnwiſe to come there, weel
with him too.
Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?
Mur. Then wee'l make another.
Dic. Is that all? do ye not ſpeake treaſon?
Mur. If we do, who dare trip vs? We come to fi
our conſcience, and for honor: little know you wh
my boſome, looke heere mad knaues, a paire of gil
Tom. A paire of golden ſpurs? why do you not pu
on your heeles? your boſome's no place for ſpurs.
Mur. Be't more or leſſe vpon occaſion, Lord hau
cy vpon vs. Tom th'art a foole, and thou ſpeakſt tre
Knight-hood: dare any weare gold or ſiluer ſpurs ti
a Knight? No, I ſhall be knighted to morrow, & th
ſhall on: Sirs, was it euer read in the Church book o
ſtable, that euer Malt-man was made Knight?